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### Holland City News, Volume 20, Number 7: March 14, 1891

Holland City News

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#### Recommended Citation

Holland City News, "Holland City News, Volume 20, Number 7: March 14, 1891" (1891). *Holland City News: 1891*. 11.

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## TRAGEDY AT MEMPHIS.

## INK-STANDS AND SPITTOONS IN ARKANSAS.

Buffalo and Peoria Suffer from Fire—The Second Largest Tea House in the Country Failed—Two Prominent Young Georgians Drowned.

## GAVE HIM NO WARNING.

Col. H. Clay King Mortally Wounds Attorney David H. Poston at Memphis.

David H. Poston, a prominent lawyer of Memphis, Tenn., was shot and mortally wounded by Col. H. Clay King, a well-known citizen and also a member of the Memphis bar. The tragedy occurred on Main street and occasioned great excitement. Mr. Poston is a member of the law firm of Poston & Poston, and his family is one of the most prominent in the city and well known throughout the South. His father was also a celebrated lawyer. Col. H. Clay King served with distinction in the Confederate army, being commander of "King's Tigers," is a brilliant lawyer, has held different offices in Shelby County, and is the author of "King's Digest of the Laws of Tennessee," which was for a long time a standard work. The causes which led to the shooting have their origin in a lawsuit. The litigation has been pending for a number of years, and grew out of a certain transaction with regard to Arkansas lands. The firm of Poston & Poston was of counsel for the complainant, and prosecuted the case vigorously. A very bitter feeling was aroused between the counsel to the litigation, and evidence hostile to the social reputation of both was freely adduced. Col. King was standing in front of Lee's cigar store with a large pistol in his hand. A moment later Mr. Poston came along. Without a word of warning King stepped out from the doorway, and placing the pistol—a 44-caliber—against Mr. Poston's abdomen, fired.

## BIG FIRE AT BUFFALO.

The Hurt Block Completely Destroyed—Loss \$225,000.

Henry W. Hurt's five-story brick and iron building at Buffalo, and the Dental Manufacturing Company's brick building were burned. Six horses in a barn in the rear of the dental company's building were burned to death. The dental company had considerable stock in the barn, which was all destroyed. The Hurt building was burned to the ground. The dental building was completely ruined. It is estimated that the total loss will foot up to about \$225,000, and that the insurance will very nearly cover the loss. At Peoria, Ill., the immense warehouse of the Peoria grape-sugar works, owned largely by the Wooters, the well-known whisky trust men, was burned. A cold-storage warehouse belonging to the Pabst Brewing Company, of Milwaukee, was also burned. Loss on the sugar works about \$50,000; insurance, \$25,000 on the building. The loss to the Pabst Brewing Company will be about \$3,300.

## SPITTOON AT TEN PACES.

Two Members of the Arkansas Legislature Fall Out and Fight a Novel Duel.

Great excitement prevailed in the Arkansas House of Representatives, F. C. Mitchell, of Boone, and H. C. Head, of Little River, participating in a fight. The tie was passed and inkstands, spittoons, and other articles that were calculated to do injury were exchanged between the two gentlemen. No one was injured during the fight, but several members were well bespattered with ink and tobacco juice. The speaker ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to place the disturbers under arrest.

## Big Failure at Boston.

The extensive tea-importing firm of Dudley Hall & Co., of Boston, have failed. Their business in teas had been profitable enough, but the indorsement of paper by the senior member of the firm, Dudley C. Hall, for the accommodation of personal friends, proved too much for the firm. The liabilities are rising \$400,000, a large part of which is secured by conveyances of real property and deposits of collateral securities. The firm was the second largest tea house in the United States, doing a business of over \$1,000,000 a year. The firm was considered one of the soundest on the street.

## Will Not Resume Yet.

The Edgar Thomson Steel Works of Carnegie's, at Braddock, Pa., which shut down for repairs several weeks ago, will not resume operations for some time. A general resumption was expected by the employees, but the firm has decided to continue the shut-down for a month at least. This action enforces idleness upon nearly 2,000 men. No cause is assigned for the continued suspension.

## Both Found Watery Graves.

Henry C. Lamar and Miss Louise King Connolly were drowned while rowing in the canal near Augusta, Ga. Both were popular and highly connected young people. Lamar was a graduate of Princeton College of the class of 1885. Miss Connolly was a granddaughter of the late John P. King, ex-United States Senator from Georgia, and a niece of the Marchioness of Anglesey.

## Breckinridge Very Sick.

Congressman Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was believed to be dying at the Hotel Esplanade at Pensacola. The naval physician had the patient in charge. He has had an acute attack of the grip, followed by tonsillitis. His temperature was very high.

## Sick Man and His Son Burned.

At Ellsworth, Wis., Thomas Ecker and his 3-year-old boy were burned to death. The house caught fire in the absence of his wife, and Ecker, who was very ill, was unable to move.

## Was It Suicide or Murder?

Nicolaus Eaton was mysteriously shot and killed at Kansas City. Whether he committed suicide or was murdered is not known. His wealth is estimated at \$300,000.

## Shot Dead from Ambush.

A special from Jackson, Tenn., says: News was received here of a fearful crime committed near Pineson, this county. Scott Bradford, a respectable citizen (colored), while preparing to retire, was shot in the back by an assassin. No trace of the murderer has been found.

## Foreclosed a Mortgage.

The Massachusetts Life Insurance Company, of Springfield, foreclosed its mortgage on the Winona Paper Mills, of Holyoke, having previously made a demand for the payment of the \$300,000 note.

## HAS THE HICCUGHS.

Michigan's Governor Very Ill, and 'Tis Thought Will Die.

Gov. Winans is thought to be dying. He has had hiccoughs for thirty-six hours. A dispatch says:

Gov. Winans, of Michigan, has been afflicted with hiccoughs, from which his physicians have thus far been unable to give him more than temporary relief. Unlike these attacks, which are usually the result of nervousness, the Governor's trouble returns after he has had long seasons of refreshing sleep. The attending physicians expressed considerable alarm at the Governor's condition. They fear that there is something serious back of the hiccoughs, because of their constant recurrence. In December last Gov. Winans was very sick for several weeks with a stomach trouble, and the doctors apprehend that the present difficulty is due to the same cause. There is no concealing the fact that both the Governor's physicians and his family fear that the alarming feature of his illness has not yet fully appeared, and it is not improbable that he is afflicted with a fatal malady, and may never again enter upon the active discharge of duties.



EDWIN B. WINANS.

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## RUIN IN THE SOUTH.

Tennessee and Mississippi Scoured by Wind and Water.

A cyclone destroyed several lives and vast property interests in Mississippi. Okolona, Brandon, Lexington, Pickens, Columbus, Meridian and Yazoo City were visited. Many towns are entirely cut off from the outside world because of the high water. At Lexington, Minnie Bray, a young colored school teacher, while standing on her gallery viewing the storm, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Bridges, both wooden and iron, were washed away, and roads were washed into gullies in many places, rendering them impassable. Farming operations have been entirely suspended and the land that had formerly been plowed is badly washed, delaying planting two or three weeks. Farmers are greatly discouraged at the outlook. The Cumberland River is rising all along its course in Tennessee. At Nashville there is already much suffering among the poorer classes who have been obliged to move and the Relief Society is making arrangements to properly care for them. Fully 2,000 people have left their homes and many others will be driven out. No loss of life is reported, but numerous narrow escapes have been made.

## DAMAGING DOWNPOURS.

Five Inches of Rain Falls in Thirty-six Hours in the State of Mississippi.

The severest rainstorm for years prevailed throughout almost the entire State of Mississippi for thirty-six hours. Five inches of rain fell at Vicksburg, and the heaviest rainfall ever known is reported from many points. All the smaller streams have overflowed their banks, and much damage has been done to roads and bridges. The railroads have been badly washed out and trains are all delayed or abandoned. At Yazoo City the river reached ten inches above the highest point reached last year and was still rising. All the cotton warehouses are more or less submerged, and many families, mostly colored, living in the lower portion of the city, have been driven from their homes. West Point, Canton, and Memphis report the hardest rain for years, the whole country being covered with water and railroad traffic entirely suspended.

## JUSTICE METED OUT.

A Missouri Murderer Explains His Cold-Blooded Crime.

John Oscar Turlington was hanged at Boone Mo., for the murder of Sheriff Crannum, of Cooper County. Turlington's neck was broken.

A year ago while going through Missouri Turlington was ordered from a freight train. While jumping off the car he fired at the brakeman and ran away. He was arrested and lodged in Booneville jail. On the night of June 14, Sheriff Crannum was unlocking his cell, Turlington drew a revolver and shot the Sheriff, who died the next day. Turlington escaped from the jail, but was captured the following day a few miles from Booneville. On the trial he was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged on Sept. 17. The case was taken on appeal to the Supreme Court. On Nov. 1 Turlington escaped from jail, but was captured in Kentucky Nov. 12. On Jan. 27 last the Supreme Court rendered its decision sustaining the decision of the trial court and fixing the date of the execution.

## TWENTY LIVES LOST IN PUGET SOUND.

The Steamer Buckeye Believed to Have Gone to the Bottom.

At Seattle, Wash., it is rumored that the steamer Buckeye went down in the Sound between Edmunds and Apple Tree Cove, with twenty passengers. The Buckeye, which is a small steamer, went into Edmunds, and the Captain invited a party to go with him on a trip across the Sound. About twenty accepted the invitation. The boat had reached the middle of the Sound about dusk when the storm came up. For an hour or more there was a heavy gale. A grader on the Great Northern near Edmunds saw a light bobbing on the water for an hour or so and then disappear. The boat did not return to Edmunds, and in the morning the shore near that place was covered with wreckage.

## MANY VESSELS STILL BLOCKED IN.

The Cardiff Employers' Victory Not So Complete as Claimed.

Although the Butte docks claim a victory in the struggle with the dockers, a considerable number of vessels are still blocked at Cardiff, while contributions pour in for the support of the men on strike. The shipping federation is spending large sums of money for free labor at Aberdeen with very little apparent result. The free labor men generally drop away after a day or two, and many are found worthless and have to be discharged. Nevertheless the shipping federation is resolute in maintaining its principle that men shall be employed irrespective of union affiliations.

## AN INDIANA MURDER.

Charles Coryell Shoots and Kills His Youngest Brother-in-Law.

A special from Seymour, Ind., says: Some time ago the wife of Charles Coryell, a well-to-do farmer near here, left him and went back to her parents to live, meanwhile suing

for divorce. Coryell had sworn vengeance on both his wife and her father, Mr. Burdell. Coryell met his wife and her brother, Arthur Burdell, aged 17, at Beach Grove Church. He endeavored to take his little child away from his wife, also laying violent hands on her, whereupon young Burdell interfered in his sister's behalf. This so incensed Coryell that he drew a pistol and fired at the young man, the ball penetrating his heart.

## SIX MEN DROWNED.

Loss of a Raft on the Cumberland River with All on Board.

A Princeton, Ky., special says: News has just reached here of a terrible casualty on the Cumberland River a short distance from this place. Curtis Boyd, a merchant of Canton, started a raft in charge of six men for Paducah, and when only a day out they were overtaken by a terrible gale. They managed to get the raft into the bank and tie it. The high waves broke it loose from its moorings, and it drifted into mid-stream, where the steamer Reagan passed it. The water was then running over the raft. The men made signals of distress, but the boat fearing to go to the wreck passed by without making an effort to rescue them. The six men were drowned.

## PERISHED IN SNOW.

Father Graton Sacrifices His Life in Trying to Keep His Appointment.

The Rev. Father Graton, Catholic priest of Regina, N. W. T., was found dead five miles outside of that city. He left to assist in the elections. On the return his team gave out and Father Graton walked on, being anxious to reach Regina for services, but perished from exposure.

## McKINLEY TARIFF SUITS.

The attorneys of Charles Wyman & Co. appeared before Judge Thayer in the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis, and asked that an order be issued compelling the United States appraisers of New York to return the papers in the reappraisal case of Charles H. Wyman & Co. from the appraisers' decision and an appeal from the St. Louis port of entry. This is the case where in the constitutionality of the McKinley bill is questioned, and Mr. Wyman sues to recover \$1,481 collected under the bill. Judge Thayer took the matter under advisement.

## Hanged Himself.

A young girl who had been in the ladies' waiting-room at the Union station in Pittsburgh entered the lavatory. As she did not appear in a reasonable time Matron Elizabeth Hempt knocked at the door, but received no response. The door was forced open and the woman was found hanging from the gas jet, suspended by a towel around her neck. The body, yet warm, was cut down and carried to the waiting-room. Physicians were called, but the woman was dead and the body was removed to the city morgue.

## Charges Her Husband with Bigamy.

Ten years ago Adam Fry of Lancaster, Pa., deserted his wife and went West. Through an acquaintance she learned that he has prospered in Chicago and carries on an extensive building business. She desired maintenance, put her case in the hands of the Mayor, and an investigation disclosed the fact that her husband is again married and the father of three children. Mrs. Fry No. 1 will take steps to have her husband arrested for bigamy.

## Disappearance of a Drummer.

George Sperber, a drummer for a wine and liquor house of Sandusky, has disappeared at Springfield, Ohio. He made collections aggregating \$100 and took numerous orders. He frequented low dives, and four weeks ago was enticed into one and locked into a room with two women, who tried to drug him, but failed. It is believed that he has been enticed into a low dive and robbed and killed.

## An Army Scandal.

A court-martial is booked at Fort Omaha, Neb., in which developments of a sensational character are promised, growing out of the battle of Wounded Knee and the Indian campaign, and the manner in which an officer evaded the dangers incident thereto by securing a physician's certificate of disability. The gallant Capt. H. E. Cadley, Second Infantry, is alleged to be slated for investigation.

## Fled with a Chicago Woman.

Fred W. Lee, head clerk of the Hotel Eastman, at Little Rock, Ark., absconded for parts unknown, and it is alleged that quite a large sum of money is missing from the hotel safe. The affair created a sensation, inasmuch as it was rumored that a well-known Chicago lady, who had been a guest of the hotel for several weeks, had accompanied Lee. Both left on the same train.

## Cracked Two Depot Safes.

At Shreveport, La., three masked men took possession of the Shreveport and Houston Railway Depot. One covered the watchman with a pistol, one kept a look-out on the outside, and the third blew open the safe, from which they secured nearly \$400. The safe in the office of the Shreveport and Arkansas Railway was rifled of a small sum of money.

## Sick Legislators.

Twenty-five members of the South Dakota Legislature are seriously ill at Sioux Falls. Two have died during the session, and one is reported to be beyond hope of recovery. The general ailment is pneumonia. Inadequate ventilation of the State-house, which permits of a multitude of draughts, has caused all the trouble.

## Carefully Planned Incendiarism.

At Listowel, Ontario, incendiaries bound and gagged the night watchman at Hess Brothers' furniture factory, and then fired the premises, which were totally destroyed. The water-works pumps and fire-alarm had been tampered with to insure the destruction of the factory. The loss has not yet been estimated. There is \$31,000 insurance on the building.

## Brooklyn Tabernacle Bonds.

Of the \$250,000 worth of bonds issued in order to take up the indebtedness and finish the new Brooklyn Tabernacle, \$25,000 of the issue has been subscribed for by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. Russell Sage, it is said, will exchange his \$125,000 mortgage for the same amount in bonds.

## Another Eyrand Case.

It is now announced that the police have discovered that Dr. Lindermann, of Manchester, England, whose dead body was found at San Remo some months ago, and who was supposed to have committed suicide, was murdered by his paramour and her lover.

## Killed by the Sight of Bloodshed.

Colonel Israel Underwood, who was a spectator of the recent tragedy in Columbus, Ohio, has died. The cause of his death is remotely attributed to the shock which he received at the tragedy and exposure from attending the Coroner's inquest afterward.

## Brutal Mob.

A mob of Polish Hebrews partially destroyed the house and stock of Herman Greenbaum, a clockmaker of Jamaica,

L. I. beat him and his wife, and fatally burned his 4-year-old son with oil of vitriol, because they heard he was employing non-union work-peoples.

## Not in the Poorhouse.

In the Sugar Trust investigation at New York an accountant testified that the trust had made a profit of \$11,900,000, of which ten per cent. had been paid to stockholders, and that the rest is held by the constituent companies.

## Trouble in Hawaii.

A prominent merchant from Honolulu brings news of a conspiracy, formed by Colonel Ashford, to seize the Hawaiian Government and make the Queen a mere figurehead. The scheme was similar to the one engaged in by Wilcox four years ago.

## Beaten and Robbed.

John E. Slefried, night operator at the Louisville and Nashville depot at Nashville, Ill., was attacked by unknown parties and beaten into insensibility with a coupling-pin. The contents of the money-drawer and the operator's gold watch were taken.

## Storm on the Coast.

A fog along the Atlantic coast, from Cape Cod to Cape Henry, seriously interfered with the movement of shipping. A heavy thunder and rain storm prevailed at New York.

## Jay Gould Fined \$250.

Millionaire Jay Gould was fined \$250 by Judge Martine, in Part 2 of the General Sessions at New York, for his failure to respond to the summons directing him to qualify as a juror for the March term.

## A Delaware Execution.

Shakespeare Reeves was hanged at New-castle, Del., for felonious assault committed upon little Grace Clark, a white girl of 11 years, near New Castle on Sept. 28.

## Six of the Crew Lost.

News comes from Hong Kong that the American ship Vigilant, which recently arrived at that point from New York, lost six of her crew while on the outbound passage.

## Fire at Madison, Wis.

Fire completely destroyed the extensive agricultural and carriage warehouse and offices of the S. L. Sheldon Company, at Madison, Wis. The loss will reach \$40,000.

## Thanked the Grand Army.

General Sherman's family has written to the head of the Grand Army, thanking the members for all tokens of respect and sympathy.

## The Work of a Negro.

In a New York suburb a negro named Perkins sandbagged, gagged and bound a cab-driver named Farrell and then robbed his house.

## To Vote in Australia.

The Australian ballot bill was signed by the Governor of Nebraska and it is now a law, having passed with an emergency clause.

## An Omaha Blaze.

At Omaha, Neb., the printing house of Gibson, Miller & Richardson was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$100,000; fully insured.

## Closed by the Sheriff.

The F. P. Lawrence Implement Company at Lincoln, Neb., was closed by the Sheriff, the claim of one bank amounting to \$16,000.

## Bishop Padlock Dying.

At Boston, Rt. Rev. Benjamin H. Padlock, Bishop of the Episcopal Church, is in a dying condition.

## Army Officer Killed.

Major Vanvliet, of the Tenth Cavalry, was thrown from a wagon and killed at Hooker's Ranch, Arizona.

## Encouraging the Strikers.

Mass meetings are daily being held throughout the Pennsylvania coke regions to encourage strikers.

## A Boston Loss.

The works of the Samuel Hano Company, book-binders at Boston, burned, causing a loss of \$69,000.

## No Deaconesses.

The New York Presbytery voted against establishing the office of deaconess in the Presbyterian Church.

## Will Contest Ended.

The Fayerweather will contest at New York was brought to a sudden close, all the objections having been withdrawn.

## California to Reform.

The ballot reform bill, a modification of the Australian law, has passed both houses of the California Legislature.

## Wealthy Alabamian Dead.

Josiah Morris, said to be the richest banker in Alabama, died in his home at Montgomery.

## Tennessee Shooting.

At Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Hugh Johnson and Mo-e Gibson were killed in an affray.

## THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Common to Prime	\$ 3.25	@ 5.75
HOGS—Shipping Grades	3.10	@ 3.75
SHEEP	3.00	@ 5.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.10	@ 1.01
OATS—No. 2	.58	@ .59
RYE—No. 2	.48	@ .49
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.30	@ .34
CHEESE—Full Cream, flats	.10 1/2	@ .11 1/4
EGGS—Fresh Western, per bu.	.17	@ .18
POTATOES—Western, per bu.	1.05	@ 1.10
INDIANAPOLIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping	3.50	@ 5.00
HOGS—Choice Light	3.00	@ 3.75
SHEEP—Common to Prime	3.00	@ 5.75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.98	@ .98 1/2
CORN—No. 1 White	.56	@ .56 1/2
OATS—No. 2 White	.49	@ .49 1/2
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE	4.00	@ 5.25
HOGS	3.00	@ 3.75
SHEEP	3.00	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.00	@ 1.01
CORN—No. 2	.58	@ .59
OATS—No. 2	.47 1/2	@ .48
BARLEY—Minnesota	.73	@ .75
CINCINNATI.		
CATTLE	3.00	@ 5.00
HOGS	3.00	@ 4.00
SHEEP	3.00	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.13 1/2	@ 1.02 1/2
CORN—No. 2 Yellow	.60	@ .61
OATS—No. 2 White	.51	@ .52
DETROIT.		
CATTLE	3.00	@ 4.75
HOGS	3.00	@ 4.00
SHEEP	3.00	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.13 1/2	@ 1.02 1/2
CORN—No. 2 Yellow	.60	@ .61
OATS—No. 2 White	.51	@ .52
TOLLEDO.		
WHEAT	1.01	@ 1.03
CORN—Cash	.52	@ .51
OATS—No. 2 White	.50	@ .52
CLOVER SEED	4.60	@ 4.70
MILWAUKEE.		
CATTLE—Common to Prime	4.00	@ 5.00
HOGS—Light	3.25	@ 4.00
SHEEP—Medium to Good	4.00	@ 5.00
LAMBS	4.50	@ 5.50
NEW YORK.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.53 1/2	@ .56
CORN—No. 3	.35	@ .37 1/2
OATS—No. 1 White	.30	@ .32
RYE—No. 1	.30	@ .32
BARLEY—No. 2	.27	@ .28
PORK—Mess.	10.00	@ 10.25
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE	4.00	@ 5.75
HOGS	3.25	@ 4.00
SHEEP	3.00	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.13	@ 1.14
CORN—No. 2	.57	@ .59
OATS—Mixed Western	.54	@ .57
BUTTER—Creamery	.25	@ .35
EGGS—Western	.18	@ .19
PORK—New Mess.	10.50	@ 11.25

## NOT A BAD NIHILIST.

## SERGIUS STEPNIK TELLS OF RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

Men Who Have Committed No Crime Sentenced to the Mines Without Trial—Even Little Children Are Now Banished to Siberia.

Sergius Stepniak, who is a nihilist in Russia but not in the United States, is now lecturing in this country and has recently spoken in Chicago, St. Paul and Milwaukee.

The great question in Russia to-day, he says, is to throw overboard the autocracy and substitute a constitutional monarchy, the same as that found in Italy, England and all European countries except Turkey. This movement began in Russia more from a religious spirit than a political one. Russia to-day is passing through a period similar to what France passed through before its great revolution. Nihilists in Russia who are sincere and earnest as a general rule in their work for a better government, are compelled to submit to the most extreme suffering from the heavy penalties inflicted upon them by public officers.

The speaker, in a recent lecture, gave in detail the manner of organizing nihilist societies among the workmen. Nothing was done that was considered violent at first. The societies heard lectures on all scientific and social topics for their educational benefit. The ideas of better government were sown in a quiet way. There was nothing political or revolutionary. It was a religious movement in the full sense of the word. But it had in time assumed a political dress. Officers of the government, seeing the drift of the ideas taught by the



SERGIUS STEPNIAK.

nihilists, soon began to arrest them on charges of organizing revolutionary societies dangerous to the Czar's dynasty. The prisoners were sentenced to ten, twelve and fifteen years in Siberia. The speaker told of his own arrest with three others, and the four were marched off to prison. But one prisoner was a nihilist, and managed to get the prison guards drunk during the night, and the four prisoners escaped.

After two hours of hard walking the prisoners reached almost the point from which they had started. They had lost their way in the dark and had missed the road to the railway station thirty-five miles from the prison. The fugitives saw a light in a small house and ventured in, only to be received by a constable. But the speaker had a copy of an old song in his pocket, which he palmed off on the illiterate constable for a passport.

The prisoners forged their own passports, and, escaping from the country, Stepniak found refuge in London.

The speaker then referred to the system of trials, by tribunal and by administrative justice, so called, in Russia. Men were allowed a jury in the tribunal system, and sometimes were acquitted. But in the administrative justice system they were arrested, convicted, and exiled to Siberia without even knowing what charge had been placed against them, or knowing the



## THE WESTERN FARMERS.

### ANOTHER GOVERNOR BROUGHT DOWN BY FACTS.

That Unfortunate Reform Club Braguet in New York Once More—A Wisconsin Writer Who Knows More About Iowa than Her Governor Tells a Lot of Tariff Truths.

The Reform Club jubilee in New York, held in December to celebrate the Democratic victory in November, continues to return to plague the inventors. The merciless exposure of the misstatements of Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, about the industries of this State, has compelled absolute silence on his part and on the part of the newspapers which sustain him. If the mortification of our people over his fouling of his own nest were not more than counterbalanced by their pride in the prosperity which he belied, they would have hard work in pardoning his speech even as a "youthful indiscretion" or an "ebullition of calamity politics." There may, however, be consolation for him in the adage that "misery loves company," for Gov. Boies, of Iowa, "put his foot in it" also; but from a political economic standpoint, this only adds to the offense.

The Iowa State Register prints the following pointed letter from Mr. F. B. Norton, of Burlington, Wis., who is a recognized authority on economics, and especially in statistics of production, trade and transportation. Although it appeared several weeks since, Iowa's Governor and his friends have remained as silent under the condemnation of truth as have their friends in Massachusetts:

BURLINGTON, Wis., Dec. 30.

I notice that the Hon. Roger Q. Mills was unable to speak at the recent free trade glorification banquet in New York City, having worn out his throat in preaching British free trade in Wisconsin, at \$200 per night, during the late campaign. But his place seems to have been made good by Governor Boies, of Iowa, whose speech was mainly a repetition of the plausible fictions and slanders of the windy Roger Q. Iowa is a farming State, and your farmers desire to follow Governor Boies down into the dismal swamp of British free trade. I should be glad to see them learn a few lessons in that school of experience, if it could be done without ruining the best industries of Wisconsin and other States. I have read his speech as reported, and cannot find in it a single statement pertaining to our industries that he could prove in any court of justice. He covertly drags in the old slander that the tariff is siphoned from the consumer and given as a bonus to the manufacturer. Now, Mr. Mongredien, an English writer for the Cobden Club, ridicules and repudiates this idea that the tariff is a bonus to the manufacturer. He rightly argues that if this were so, men would leave all other industries and rush into protected employments.

In other words, if it had been true, as all American free-traders have told us, that the maker of steel rails pocketed a bonus of \$12 per ton, Grover Cleveland, Roger Q. Mills, Governor Boies and other free-trade leaders would have tumbled over each other in their zeal to buy stock in Bessemer works. Why, then, do our American free-traders continue to make this assertion, which they know to be false? Simply to fire the popular heart and get votes. Simply because slandering the rich and arraying the poor against them has always been an easy way to win the rabble. Like the vendors of cheap whiskey, who, finding the pure article too expensive and tame, use sulphuric acid and strychnine to satisfy their cheap customers.

He says that an acre of corn in Iowa costs 67 cents more than it will sell for, and that this is equally true with their great staples, adding that for years farming has been prosecuted at a loss in that State on account of our protective tariff. At present prices in Chicago, corn 50c, wheat \$1, oats 40c, flaxseed \$1.25, potatoes 90c, wool 30c, cheese 10c, butter 28c, every intelligent farmer in Iowa knows that there is more profit in these products at these prices than our manufacturers make.

But granting prices of farm products, especially such as we have exported, have been too low the past ten years, what has been the chief cause? Roger Q. Mills in his speech in Congress says, and rightly says, that it has been caused by our demoralization of silver. And leading free-traders in England, bankers and statesmen, told us years ago that their advantage of 33 1/3 per cent. on the silver of India was sure to ruin the American grower of wheat and cotton. Our growers have been paying a duty of 33 1/3 per cent. to get their grain and cotton into England and the half of it would ruin them. And why is it that the free-traders lay the depreciation of farm products to silver when they talk in Congress or in England, and lay it all to our tariff when they talk to Western farmers? It is simply because they want to run Grover Cleveland and President Harrison out of the issue. They know that he made haste as soon as he was elected President to write a letter opposing legislation in favor of silver, and that during all his term of office he stood as the champion of the gold speculators of Wall street and prevented the best men of his party from passing any silver bill favoring the West or South.

They know that the farmers of the West, to use a vulgar expression, would "knock the stuffing out of the stuffed prophet of Williams street," if they allowed him to run on that issue. All that has saved our farmers from the utter ruin which the English predicted has been the benefits which they have derived from protection, which has given them a larger home market and cheaper machinery and transportation. To put us back for one year into the condition we were in 1860, when the South had made such a British free-trade tariff as Grover Cleveland now proposes, would ruin every farmer in the West. The rate on grain all rail from Chicago to New York was 65 cents per 100 lb. in the winter of 1860 against 20 cents this winter. How would the farmers of Iowa like to have the railroads add 45 cents per 100 lb. to the rate on grain, and put them back into what the free-traders call the "golden era of American industry." Then a reaping machine cost \$300; now a self-binder twice as much costs \$130, to say nothing of the sulky plow, corn planter, etc. While the anti-silver free-traders have done much to rob the Western farmer, it is not true that farmers have made no money in Iowa for the past ten years. I knew one Iowa farmer who fattened 1,000 hogs a year, and got an average of fourteen and one-half pounds of pork from a bushel of corn. Even at 3 cents a pound for hogs, this is 48 1/2 cents a bushel for corn, which is not a losing price on Iowa land.

We have a farmer, Theodore Louis, in Wisconsin who gets 600 pounds of pork from an acre of clover, and raises the best hogs in the State for 2 cents a pound, and that, too, on sandy land which an Iowa farmer would not take as a gift. If Governor Boies would call the most progressive farmers of the State together in farm institutes, as we do in Wisconsin, he could learn some points not laid down in the free trade pamphlets. But possibly he, like our Wisconsin Democrats, opposes farm institutes on the ground that the diffusion of knowledge is "agin the party."

The Iowa farmers who have worked their farms as systematically as the Free Trade League has "worked" them, have made money.

In hogs Iowa leads every other State in the Union; in milch cows it is a close second; in horses it ranks third in number and second in value.

Her growth in dairying has been phenomenal, and her dairy products pay less freight to New York than did those of New England thirty years ago.

The fact that Iowa has only 500,000 sheep and has made little gain during the past ten years, is wholly due to the gigantic

frauds in our revenue and the persistent attacks on the wool tariff by Grover Cleveland and his followers. But for this Iowa would now have 1,500,000 sheep, and there would be no complaint that farming did not pay. As it is now, since the frauds have been stopped and the McKinley bill passed, there is not a farm of 160 acres in Iowa that cannot clear \$1,000 a year in raising sheep, in addition to the other revenue of the farm. The "straight and narrow" sheep path is the only road to heaven for the poor grain grower.

Governor Boies asserts that a tariff on farm products cannot help the farmer. But it helped us in 1888, when it kept the speculators from crushing our market with 10,000,000 bushels of Manitoba wheat. So the duty on barley, malt, tobacco, wool, potatoes, poultry, eggs, etc., is worth millions of dollars to our farmers every year. No States are more directly interested than Iowa and Wisconsin, for free trade would shut us out of the Eastern trade during some years. As it is, we have shipped over 600 cars of potatoes to New York City from a single village in Wisconsin, and the heaviest shipper in the West lives in Western Iowa.

"The statement that we must increase our imports of manufactured goods in order to increase our exports of farm products is flatly contradicted by the facts.

In 1860, when the proslavery Democrats and the British importers had made a tariff for the express purpose of closing American factories, and stimulating the import of British goods in exchange for our farm products, Great Britain took less than 4,000,000 bushels of our wheat, all told, ground and unground, which would not be enough to supply the mills of Minneapolis for two months. We are steadily buying less of England as our industries improve, and she is buying more of us as her industries decline. The condition of the farmers of England who are enjoying the blessings of free trade ought to be a lesson to us. They are taxed 1 1/2 per cent. on their farm products, which must compete with the untaxed products of all other nations.

The result is that 1,500,000 acres have gone out of cultivation, and farm workers have been reduced one-half in forty years.

### RECIPROCITY BEARING FRUIT.



President Harrison—Fair exchange, Mmo. Brazil, is all we ask. My secretary will be pleased to take your order.

Thousands have flocked to the overcrowded cities, or gone to more favored lands.

A single steamer, not long since, brought forty English farmers to this country, who had lost all they had in getting rich on the Gladstone-Cleveland plan.

Nor are their manufacturing industries much better off, with all their free raw materials and cheap food and labor. One after another the best industries, as watch-making, sugar refinery, silk weaving, etc., have gone to the graveyard, supplanted by the machinery and better-paid labor of protected lands, while tens of thousands of honest working people are left to join the "submerged tenth" of Gen. Booth. Three millions out of 35,000,000 unable to get an honest living in the most favored land on the globe! A fine banquet for this free trade to invite us to partake of, and I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of its advocates in the United States!

For colossal cheek commend us to the free traders.

### The Blind Will Not See.

The trouble with the free-trader is that he can see but one angle of an economic question. The whole tribe now are puzzled at the markets. They said that the McKinley bill would inevitably raise prices, because the rate of duty on some articles was raised. The markets confound them. Tin plate is lower, wire nails are lower, and so are scores of other articles, than they were before the new tariff bill was passed. The free-trader sees but one thing; the duty is raised, and therefore the article will be higher in price. Though they have had over a quarter of a century of experience and observation of the influence of competition on prices, says the Indianapolis Journal, they refuse to note this fact. They reckon well on this feature of trade when their grocer asks them a stiff price for a breakfast outfit, and exemplify it by going around the corner and buying of another at a less price. But they never apply such common sense to tariff discussion. Here is a lesson on this feature of economics from the London Financial Times, and if "tariff is a tax," shows who pays it. The Times says:

"Roughly and approximately, the McKinley tariff has produced declines on this scale—carpets and steam engines, 80 per cent.; sheet and boiler iron, 78 per cent.; worsted tissues, 66 per cent.; bar iron, apparel and haberdashery, 50 per cent.; salt, jute, woolen yarns, cutlery and cement, 30 per cent.; linen yarn and woolen tissues, 25 per cent.; linen piece goods, 20 per cent.; and woolen tissues, 16 per cent. That represents a tremendous hole in our staple exports, and poor, little Canada, though doing its best to use more of our exports, cannot atone for the loss.

### A Tariff Picture.

Here is another one about the home prices of cereals. The price of wheat in eight farming States is

66 cents per bushel.

In eight manufacturing States

91 cents per bushel;

33 per cent. higher in manufacturing States.

And does not a bill to increase home manufacturing give a market for many bushels more of wheat? Why, certainly!—New York Press.

The enlarged participation of our people in the carrying trade, the new and increased markets that will be opened for the products of our farms and factories, and the fuller and better employment of our mechanics, which will result from a liberal promotion of our foreign commerce, insure the widest

possible diffusion of benefit to all the States and to all our people.—President Harrison's message, 1889.

### All on Account of McKinley.

De turkeys all roost drofful high,  
All on account' o' McKinley;  
An' de moon sails up in de cloudless sky,  
All on account' o' McKinley;  
De fence an' way up above my head,  
An' de dog bites high 's if he had'n been fed,  
While the tomat yells from de top ob de shed,  
All on account' o' McKinley.

De carpets am a-go'in' to come up nex' spring,  
All on account' o' McKinley;  
An' de tenors mus' all a note higher sing,  
All on account' o' McKinley;  
De waters in all de ribbers will rise,  
An' bread will sometime be plentier'n pie,  
An' Susie Ann here'll be taller'n Lize,  
All on account' o' McKinley.

De heavings will a open up by an' by,  
All on account' o' McKinley;  
An' we'll go to de glory in a chariot ob fire,  
An' lift up our voices with the angelic choir,  
An' we'll frow down water to de burnin' tariff law,  
All on account' o' McKinley.

—Columbus Dispatch.

### Wages in England.

We hear a great deal about a strong, healthy man suffering if he works above eight hours per diem, and about his hardly being able to keep body and soul together if he does not get 25s. per week. I should be delighted to hear that he got more and worked less; but I confess that my sympathies are stronger for the women who work far more hours and get far less. Not long ago we were asked to sympathize with the matchmakers. Observe what is the fate of matchbox makers in the East End. They have to make a gross of boxes (144) for 2 1/2d, to provide their own paste and string, and

to dry the boxes by their own fires. By working all week, from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m., they earn from 5s 6d to 7s 6d. Last week they were invited to a tea. It was the first meal which many of them had had during the day. Most of them came with children in their arms. Their aspirations were not exaggerated. They wanted to be paid a little better, and to have work rooms provided for them by the manufacturers who employed them.

—London Truth.

### He Was a King.

King Kalakaua, or "Calico," as he was wont to be called for short, made a decided newspaper "hit" in coming to the States to die. The swarthy King of the Sandwich Islands was a "gentleman, sah," though tough stories are told of his infraction of many of the commandments so strictly observed by the editorial fraternity. When living this very polite man cared nothing for the abuse accorded him by the papers, and now that he has departed to a region where editors may find it impossible to meet him again, forevermore, he no doubt cares less than ever what is said of him. While it is by no means a subject for any levity we cannot but regard the dispatches from the Sandwich Islands which speak of the universal "mourning" there as a trifle dull. The facts of the case are that outside of his immediate family there is no genuine mourning for this man's death. Many a business man on the islands was much more needed than Kalakaua. "Deep mourning," "irreparable loss," etc., are wholly inappropriate phrases in this case and simply serve to "pad out" news from the Pacific. Kalakaua, like all others of mortal birth, has paid the debt of nature, and his unimportant history is now resolved into the infinite azure of the past.—Pullman (Ill.) Journal.

"The operation," said the surgeon to the man who had just met with a frightful accident, "will be very painful, and you had better let me give you chloroform." "No," said the sufferer; "go on. I can easily stand it. For some time past I have been shaving myself." Of course he had become accustomed to pain.

A SINGLE letter sometimes makes a difference. Said a Chicago girl: "He's handsome, but he doesn't move in our set." Boston maid—Tabooed, is he? Chicago girl—Yes, he has an anchor pricked in in blue ink on each arm.

A DECISION which Mr. Cleveland made as referee in a civil case was set aside, the other day, on the ground that he had investigated the case on an erroneous theory. Mr. Cleveland has been doing a great deal of such investigation.

THE New York dry goods men report large orders coming in from Brazil, which fact gives the lie to the assertion of the Democratic press that the Brazilian treaty is of no consequence whatever.

It is a touching epitaph which reads: Returned to Mother Earth, all skin and bones, Lie the remains of little Tommy Jones, Who 'en was laid to rest beneath this humble mound.

Through taking too much taffy on his stomach.

The sharpest and best posted thing we know is a barbed wire fence.

## PLAGUE OF BAD BOOKS.

### TALMAGE'S THIRD SERMON ON THE EVILS OF CITIES.

He Makes a Strong Point Against Those Parents Who Take No Thought as to What Their Children Shall Read—An Attentive Audience Present.

The plague of pernicious literature formed the subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon, which was the third of the series he is preaching on the "Ten Plagues of the Cities." The text of the preacher's discourse was taken from Ex. viii, 6, 7: "And the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt. And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

There is almost a universal aversion to frogs, and yet with the Egyptian they were honored, they were sacred, and they were objects of worship while alive, and after death they were embalmed, and to-day their remains may be found among the sepulchres of Thebes. These creatures, so attractive once to the Egyptians, at divine behest became obnoxious and loathsome, and they went croaking and hopping and leaping into the palace of the King, and into the bread trays and the couches of the people, and even the ovens, which now are uplifted above the earth and on the side of chimneys, but then were small holes in the earth, with sunken pottery, were filled with frogs when the housekeepers came to look at them. If a man sat down to eat a frog alighted on his plate. If he attempted to put on a shoe it was preoccupied by a frog. If he attempted to put his head upon a pillow it had been taken possession of by a frog.

Frogs high and low and everywhere; loathsome frogs, slimy frogs, besieging frogs, innumerable frogs, great plague of frogs. What made the matter worse the magicians said there was no miracle in this, and they could by slight-of-hand produce the same thing, and they seemed to succeed, for by slight-of-hand wonders may be wrought. After Moses had thrown down his staff and by miracle it became a serpent, and then he took hold of it and by miracle it again became a staff, the serpent charmers imitated the same thing, and knowing that there were serpents in Egypt which by a peculiar pressure on the neck would become as rigid as a stick of wood, they seemed to change the serpent into the staff, and then, throwing it down, the staff became the serpent.

So likewise these magicians tried to imitate the plague of frogs, and perhaps by smell of food attracting a great number of them to a certain point, or by shaking them out from a hidden place, the magicians sometimes seemed to accomplish the same miracle. While these magicians made the plague worse, none of them tried to make it better. "Frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt," and the magicians did so with their enchantment, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

Now that the plague of frogs has come back upon the earth. It is abroad to-day. It is smiting this nation. It comes in the shape of corrupt literature. These frogs hop into the store, the shop, the office, the banking house, the factory—into the home, into the cellar, into the garret, on the drawing room table, on the shelf of the library. While the lad is reading the bad book the teacher's face is turned the other way. One of these frogs hops upon the page. While the young woman is reading the forbidden novelette after retiring at night, reading by gaslight, one of these frogs leaps upon the page. Indeed they have hopped upon the news stands of the country and the mails at the postoffice shake out in the letter trough hundreds of them. The plague has taken at different times possession of this country. It is one of the most loathsome, one of the most frightful, one of the most ghastly of the ten plagues of our modern cities.

There is a vast number of books and newspapers printed and published which ought never to see the light. They are filled with a pestilence that makes the land swelter with a moral epidemic. The greatest blessing that ever came to this nation is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums and penitentiaries and almshouses and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair.

The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shoveled its millions into the charnel house of the morally dead. The longest rail train that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson tracks was not long enough nor large enough to carry the beastliness and putrefaction which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers of this land in the last twenty years. The literature of a nation decides the fate of a nation. Good books, good morals. Bad books, bad morals.

I begin with the lowest of all the literature, that which does not even pretend to be respectable—from cover to cover a blotch of leprosy. There are many whose entire business is to dispose of this kind of literature. They display it before the schoolboy on his way home. They get the catalogues of schools and colleges, take the names and postoffice addresses, and send their advertisements, and their circulars, and their pamphlets, and their books to every one of them.

In the possession of these dealers in bad literature are found 900,000 names and postoffice addresses, to whom it was thought it might be profitable to send these corrupt things. In the year 1873 there were 165 establishments engaged in publishing cheap, corrupt literature. From one publishing house there went out twenty different styles of corrupt books. Although over thirty tons of vile literature have been destroyed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, still there is enough of it left in this country to bring down upon us the thunderbolts of an incensed God.

In the year 1868 the evil had become so great in this country that the Congress of the United States passed a law forbidding the transmission of bad literature through the mails, but there were large loops in the law through which criminals might crawl out, and the law was a dead failure—that law of 1868. But in 1873 another law was passed by the Congress of the United States against the transmission of corrupt literature through the mails—a grand law, a potent law, a Christian law—and under that law multitudes of these scoundrels have been arrested, their property confiscated and they themselves thrown into the penitentiaries where they belong.

Now, my friends, how are we to war against this corrupt literature, and how are the frogs of this Egyptian plague to be slain? First of all by the prompt and inexorable execution of the law. Let all good postmasters and United States district attorneys, and detectives and reformers concert in their action to stop this plague. When Sir Rowland Hill spent his life in trying to secure cheap postage, not only for England, but for all the world, and to open the blessings of the postoffice to all honest business, and to all messages of charity and kindness and affection, for all healthful intercommunication, he did not mean to make vice easy or to fill the mail bags of the United States with the scabs of such a leprosy.

It ought not to be in the power of every bad man who can raise a one cent stamp for a circular or a two cent stamp for a letter to blast a man or destroy a home. The postal service of this country must be clean, must be kept clean, and we must all understand that the swift retributions of the United States Government hover over every violation of the letter box.

Many of the cities have successfully prohibited the most of that literature even from going on the news stands. Terror has seized upon the publishers and the dealers in impure literature, from the fact that over a thousand arrests have been made, and the aggregate time for which the convicted have been sentenced to prison is over one hundred and ninety years, and from the fact that about two million of their circulars have been destroyed, and the business is not as profitable as it used to be.

How have so many of the news stands of our great cities been purified? How has so much of this iniquity been balked? By moral suasion? Oh, no. You might as well go into a jungle of the East Indies and pat a cobra on the neck, and with profound argument try to persuade it that it is morally wrong to bite and to sting and to poison anything. The only answer to your argument would be an uplifted head and a hiss and a sharp, reeking tooth struck into your arteries. The only argument for a cobra is a shotgun, and the only argument for these dealers in impure literature is the clutch of the police and bean soup in a penitentiary. The law! The law! I invoke to consummate the work so grandly begun!

Another way in which we are to drive back this plague of Egyptian frogs is by filling the minds of our young people with a healthful literature. I do not mean to say that all the books and newspapers in our families ought to be religious books and newspapers, or that every young ought to be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." I have no sympathy with the attempt to make the young old. I would rather join in a crusade to keep the young young. Boyhood and girlhood must not be abbreviated. But there are good books, good histories, good biographies, good works of fiction, good books of all styles with which we are to fill the minds of the young, so that there will be no more room for the useless and the vicious than there is room for chaff in a bushel measure which is already filled with Michigan wheat.

Why are fifty per cent. of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of the United States to-day under twenty-one years of age? Many of them under seventeen, under sixteen, under fifteen, under fourteen, under thirteen? Walk along one of the corridors of the Tombs prison in New York and look for yourselves. Bad books, bad newspapers bewitched them as soon as they got out of the cradle. Beware of all those stories which end wrong. Beware of all those books which make the road that ends in perdition seem to end in Paradise. Do not glorify the dirk and the pistol. Do not call the desperado brave or the libertine gallant. Teach our young people that if they go down into the swamps and marshes to watch the jack-o'-lanterns dance on the decay and rottenness they will catch the malaria and death.

"Oh," says some one, "I am a business man, and I have no time to examine what my children read. I have no time to inspect the books that come into my household." If your children were threatened with typhoid fever, would you have time to go for the doctor? Would you have time to watch the progress of the disease? Would you have time for the funeral? In the presence of my God I warn you of the fact that your children are threatened with moral and spiritual typhoid, and that unless the thing be stopped it will be to them, funeral of body, funeral of mind, funeral of soul. Three funerals in one day.

My word is to this vast multitude of young people: Do not touch, do not borrow, do not buy a corrupt book or a corrupt picture. A book will decide a man's destiny for good or for evil. The book you read yesterday may have decided you for time and for eternity, or it may be a book that may come into your possession to-morrow.

A good book—who can exaggerate its power? Benjamin Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good" in childhood gave him holy aspirations for all the rest of his life. George Law declared that a biography he read in childhood gave him all his subsequent prosperities. A clergyman, many years ago, passing to the far West, stopping at a hotel. He saw a woman copying something from Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." It seemed that she had borrowed the book, and there were some things she wanted especially to remember.

The clergyman had in his satchel a copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and so he made her a present of it. Thirty years passed on. The clergyman came that way, and he asked where the woman was whom he had seen so long ago. "She lives yonder in that beautiful house." He went there and said to her, "Do you remember me?" She said, "No, I do not." He said, "Do you remember a man gave you a Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress' thirty years ago?" "Oh, yes, I remember. That book saved my soul. I loaned the book to all my neighbors, and they read it and they were converted to God, and we had a revival of religion which swept through the whole community. We built a church and called a pastor. You see that spire yonder, don't you? That church was built as a result of that book you gave me thirty years ago." Oh, the power of a good book! But alas! for the influence of a bad book.

Another way in which we shall fight back this corrupt literature and kill the frogs of Egypt is by rolling over them the Christian printing press, which shall give plenty of healthful reading to all adults. All these men and women are reading men and women. What are you reading? Abstain from all those books which, while they had some good things about them, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad.

Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great clinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone, which, plunged amid steel and brass filings gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a fence of burrs to get one blackberry you will get more burrs than blackberries.

You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say: "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced lockjaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not. In a menagerie a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek and bright and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn and mangled and bleeding.

The clock strikes at midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally the color dashes to the cheek and then dies out. The hand shakes) as though some guardian spirit were trying to shake the book out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on the brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. The clock strikes four, and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice at the pale form that looks like a detained specter of the night. Soon in a madhouse she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the prison, and smile her head, rubbing it back as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking: "My brain! my brain!" Oh, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs and warning buoys, when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?

We see so many books we do not understand what a book is. Stand it on end. Measure it—the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it. You cannot do it. Examine the paper and estimate the progress made from the time of the impressions on clay, and then on the bark of trees, and from the bark of trees to papyrus, and from papyrus to the hide of wild beasts, and from the hide of wild beasts on down until the miracles of our modern paper manufactures, and then see the paper, white and pure as an infant's soul waiting for God's inscription.

A book! Examine the type of it. Examine the printing of it, and see the progress from the time when Solon's laws were written on oak planks, and Hesiod's poems were written on tables of lead, and the Sinitic commands were written on tables of stone, on down to Hoe's perfecting printing press.

A book! It took all the universities of the past, all the martyr fires, all the civilizations, all the battles, all the victories, all the defeats, all the glooms, all the brightness, all the centuries to make it possible.

A book! It is the chorus of the ages; it is the drawing room in which kings and queens and orators and poets and historians come out to greet you. If I worshiped anything on earth I would worship that. If I burned incense to any idol I would build an altar to that. Thank God for good books, healthful books, inspiring books, Christian books, books of men, books of women, Book of God. It is with these good books that we are to overcome corrupt literature. Upon the frogs swoop with these eagles. I depend much for the overthrow of iniquitous literature upon the mortality of books. Even good books have a hard struggle to live.

Against every bad pamphlet send a good pamphlet; against every unclean picture send an innocent picture; against every scurrilous song send a Christian song; against every bad book send a good book; and then it will be as it was in ancient Toledo, where the Toledo missals were kept by the saints in six churches, and the sacrilegious Romans demanded that those missals be destroyed, and that the Roman missals be substituted; and the war came on and I am glad to say that the whole matter having been referred to champions, the champion of the Toledo missals with one blow brought down the champion of the Roman missals.

So it will be in our day. The good literature, the Christian literature, in its championship for God and the truth, will bring down the evil literature in its championship for the devil. I feel tingling to the tips of my fingers and through all the nerves of my body, and all the depths of my soul, the certainty of our triumph. Cheer up, oh, men and women who are tolling for the purification of society! Toll with your faces in the sunlight. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Lady Hester Stanhope was the daughter of the third Earl of Stanhope, and after her nearest friends had died she went to the far East, took possession of a deserted convent, threw up fortresses among the mountains of Lebanon, opened the castle to the poor, and the wretched, and the sick who would come in. She made her castle a home for the unfortunate. She was a devout Christian woman. She was waiting for the coming of the Lord. She expected that the Lord would descend in person, and she thought upon it until it was too much for her reason. In the magnificent stables of her palace she had two horses groomed and bridled and saddled and caparisoned and all ready for the day in which her Lord should descend, and he on one of them and she on the other should start for Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. It was a fanaticism and a delusion; but there was romance, and there was splendor, and there was thrilling expectation in the dream!

Ah, my friends, we need no earthly palaces groomed and saddled and bridled and caparisoned for our Lord when He shall come. The horse is ready in the querry of Heaven, and the imperial rider is ready to mount. "And I saw, and beheld a white horse, and He that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto Him; and He went forth conquering and to conquer, and the armies which were in Heaven followed Him on white horses, and on His vesture and on His thigh were written, King of kings, and Lord of lords." Horsemen of Heaven, mount! Cavalry of God, ride on! Charge! charge! until they shall be hurled back on their haunches—the black horse of famine, and the red horse of carnage, and the pale horse of death. Jesus forever!

A placard at the entrance of the House (Nev.) Hall reads: "standing room only."



# HOLLAND CITY NEWS

G. VAN SCHELVEN, Editor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14 1891.

## REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Justice of the Supreme Court—  
ROBERT M. MONTGOMERY,  
of Kent.

For Regents of the University,  
HENRY HOWARD, of St. Clair.  
PETER COOK, of Shiawassee.

## The Chester Annexation.

The bill detaching the township of Chester from Ottawa and annexing it to Muskegon county, introduced in the Senate by Mr. Porter, senator from this district, passed that body last week, by a vote of 17 yeas to 3 nays. Among those voting nay we notice the name of Mr. Garvelink. A motion that the bill be given immediate effect did not receive the required two thirds (21) votes. This, however, may be secured later. If not, the measure will not become a law until ninety days after the adjournment of the legislature. The bill is now pending in the House.

In the towns north of us the people appear to be more keenly alive to the importance of this measure than in this immediate vicinity. Says the *Coopersville Observer* of last week:

"In all probability Ottawa county will lose Chester. There has been scarcely an effort made, (aside from sending in a few petitions) to prevent the steal. Our board of supervisors have not appropriated a dollar to aid in the matter and the county at large has depended entirely upon the individual efforts of a few zealous citizens in this part of the county. It is a clear case of neglect of the county's interest. Her representatives in the lower house have done and are doing all within their power to defeat the bill, but they are handicapped by the apathy of their constituents and a lack of support in the lobbies at the capitol. The enthusiasm is on the other side."

The bill, as passed the Senate, reads as follows:

A BILL to detach the township of Chester, Ottawa county, from the county of Ottawa and attach the same to the county of Muskegon.

SECTION 1. The People of the State of Michigan enact, That the surveyed township numbered nine north, range thirteen west, known as the township of Chester in the county of Ottawa be and is hereby detached from the county of Ottawa and attached to the county of Muskegon.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the register of deeds of said county of Muskegon to transcribe or cause to be transcribed the records of deeds, mortgages and other records, from the records of the county of Ottawa, so far as the same relates to the lands in the said township of Chester, and said register of deeds and such person or persons as he may designate, shall have access to the books in the offices of the register of deeds in the county of Ottawa for that purpose, and the board of supervisors of said county of Muskegon, shall make provisions for defraying the expenses of the same. Such transcribed records, shall be taken and received in all cases and have the same legal effect as the original records.

## Lansing Notes.

Gov. Winans is suffering from a severe attack of hicoughs. Some time ago he was similarly visited and it lasted three weeks. He has gone home for absolute rest.

Senator Fridlander, one of the two state senators recently seated, is in trouble. In 1854 he married a squaw, the daughter of Chief Petoskey. He subsequently left her, without divorce and re-married. This week she appeared in Lansing with her attorneys, and insisted that the senator should recognize her, if no longer as his wife, than in the way of a money contribution towards her support. The affair has created quite a stir.

Even the messenger boys of the House and Senate can testify to the "reform" that has been inaugurated. What never has been heard or dreamed of heretofore, in the politics of this state, has been practised by the Reform Democracy at this session. The late Confederacy in conscripting the youth of the South was charged with robbing the cradle, and nothing has come nearer to it since, than the assessment by the Democratic state central committee of the messenger boys of the legislature, to the tune of ten dollars each, for the success of the democratic ticket at the coming spring election.

Mr. Wilson, late clerk of the board of state auditors has been found in arrears to the amount of \$1,500, for rent collected from a business block in the city of Lansing, owned by the state. He has been placed under arrest.

It is charged that back of the recommendation of Gov. Wynnans to abolish the State board of health, can be detected the manipulating hand of the Standard Oil Company. It has its paid lobbyists on the ground, working tooth and nail for the abolition of the board. It was mainly through the instrumentality of this board that the present system of state inspection of oil was established. When the board was organized it began a determined fight to secure for the people a safer and better quality of illuminating oil. At that time Michigan had no State Oil Inspector. The oil consumed here was inspected by the Ohio inspector, who was practically an attaché of the Standard company, and who limited his work to a casual inspection of the

works of the company before the oil was shipped. As a result, the oil was of inferior quality and accidents from the use of kerosene were painfully frequent. The new Board of Health put an end to this condition of things by securing the enactment of a law requiring a high test and the appointment of a State inspector.

Ann Eliza, the 19th wife of Brigham Young, is now the wife of Representative Denning of Manistee, and has been visiting her husband in Lansing. She is 47 years old, but looks younger.

By the direct tax bill passed Congress the sum of \$426,498 will be refunded to the state of Michigan, which ought to lighten state taxes.

It is proposed that Justices of the Peace may sentence to hard labor all prisoners sent to the county jail. The State Board of Corrections and Charities is urging the passage of the bill.

An effort will be made to reduce the salaries of all deputy state officers to \$1,500. Most of them receive \$2,000 now.

The steal of two Senatorial seats by the Democrats continues to engross the general attention, and it is understood that at an early day a case will be brought before the Supreme Court by which this nefarious transaction will be officially ventilated and brought to light. At the time Senator Morse was unseated there was no quorum present. Of 32 Senators it requires the presence of 17 to do business.

Eighteen Senators have sworn to their absence at that time, which leaves only fourteen present, three less than a quorum.

A measure is pending to reduce the standard of kerosene to a test of 110 degrees, which, if it passes, means an additional profit of many thousands of dollars annually to the Standard oil company, as the cheaper products which must be refined out of oil before it will stand the 120 degree test without flushing can be used in an oil that has to stand a test of only 110 degrees.

Michigan is credited with being the third state in the union in the breeding and development of trotting horses and is rapidly forging towards the first place. Stock farms are springing up all over the state.

## Grand Haven.

Editor Kedzie, of the *Herald*, in his issue of last week, makes gracious mention of the advent to his editorial chair 10 years ago, and reviews the situation, by saying: "This is a different town from that which we found here ten years ago. Our ears are not stunned, as then, with the persistent and prolonged screaming of the lumber mill whistles. Changes have come that were inevitable; the town has had its disaster; but we are glad to report its business and municipal affairs on the way to permanent betterment."

An occasional attack of measles is being reported by the health officer.

R. W. Duncan is slowly recovering from his recent relapse.

The building of the new Cutler House has been let; the mason work to Yonker & Van Dongen, and the carpentry to Stuveling & Co. The work is to be completed in three months.

Rev. J. T. Bergen, of Holland, closed the series of union gospel meetings, held in this city, Friday evening with an appropriate and earnest sermon, in the Second Ref. church.

The works of the Michigan Glass Co., recently started here, were closed by sheriff Vanpeil, Friday morning, on four attachments, involving not more than \$500. The exact nature of the trouble seems to be a want of sufficient capital to operate the plant, and the concern has been pronounced "busted." Additional claims are said to foot up about \$1,000. Excepting those who have paid an assessment upon their stock the citizens who contributed to the building are nothing out, as the property is still in their possession. There is talk of organizing another company, to be run by officers, residing in the city. In an interview with a reporter of the *G. R. Democrat*, Mr. Farr of this city is reported as saying: "We are not endeavoring to get any more manufacturing institutions at present. Our experience with the glass factory we got to locate here was not the most pleasant. You know we gave them a site, built them a building, put a boiler and engine in it and then the citizens took \$10,000 stock. We don't think as much of offering a bonus as we did. We find it brings, as a rule, very undesirable parties—that is parties without means. Of course there are many exceptions to this."

The building committee of the new structure for Akeley Institute have had plans drafted for a handsome building to accommodate seventy boarders, to be located on the northwest corner of the grounds. Work will probably be begun upon it as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

Walter I. Lillie has purchased the residence of D. F. Hutton.

A new fish tug was launched last week at Robertson's ship yard.

Good Templars propose to rent a convenient room and fit it up as a free reading room and resort for young men who appreciate an evening of innocent amusement.

Geo. A. Farr has been requested to deliver an address at the commencement exercises of the Michigan College of Medicine at Detroit, March 13.

There will be a public meeting of the citizens of Spring Lake and vicinity, March 17, to take steps to bring our great natural advantages before the country through various advertising mediums. Representatives of Chicago, Grand Rapids and other newspaper men will be present.

The steamer City of Milwaukee and Wisconsin will form a daily line between this city and Milwaukee, during the coming season.

Rev. A. Wormser has accepted a call from the Presbyterian church of Fort Benton, Montana.

Ex-Senator Ferry has returned from Washington.

The project for a new and magnifi-

cent freight, passenger and excursion boat of 14 inches draught of water, light, and 2 feet loaded, on Grand River, between this city and Grand Rapids, when read in the light of the recent Port Sheldon reminiscences becomes decidedly interesting. The feasibility of the scheme is based by the projector upon the following remarkable estimate of receipts: One hundred tons of freight per day during a season of eight months, or 208 week days, at 5 cents per 100 pounds, \$20,800; 75 passengers per trip at 50 cents for the round trip for 208 days, \$7,500; 12 Sunday trips, 1000 passengers, at 50 cts for round trip, \$6,000; 70 evening excursions during the summer months, an average of 600 passengers, at 25 cents for round trip, \$10,500, making total gross earnings for each season, \$44,800. The cost of running the boat is given at \$75 per day, and the total cost for the season of 220 days, including 12 Sundays, would aggregate \$16,000, leaving a net profit of \$28,800.

## College Items.

The day of prayer has been observed at the College by the suspension of the regular duties.

Friday morning Rev. H. E. Dosker conducted the chapel exercises.

Thursday morning the President announced the illness of Prof. Boers, who suffers from an attack of the grippe. The boys hope that he may soon be released, as his branch of study is one of the most useful and necessary in the curriculum.

Wednesday morning some of the citizens of Holland were somewhat frightened at seeing a black flag floating at half-mast from the college flag-staff. We assure them, however, that this was a so-called trick, played by certain parties on the boys. In some of the rooms they also experienced other inconveniences, the following morning, probably emanating from the same source. The Faculty are on the track of the offenders.

In last week's issue of the NEWS appeared the following:

"Hugh Bradshaw, one of the owners of the steamer Mabel Bradshaw, died Feb. 24, at Chicago."

In connection therewith we were only too happy too receive the following: CHICAGO, March 9, 1891.

To the Editor:

DEAR SIR—I read in your issue of the 7th inst., that I died in Chicago, Feb. 24th. There was a Hugh Bradshaw that died on that date, I believe, but I rather think I am not the one. By correcting in your most valuable paper that it is not the same Hugh Bradshaw you will probably remove the anxiety of some of my acquaintances over there. I will be in Holland some time this month and will call at your office to prove that I am not dead yet.

Respy Yours,  
HUGH BRADSHAW.

Mr. Blaine has written a chapter to be added to the edition of Gen. Sherman's Memoirs. This addition will contain a personal tribute to the author and a criticism of the memoirs, and will bring the record down to the General's death.

## Attention!!

To the Members of the Holland Republican Martial Band:

Notice is hereby given that hereafter meetings will be held as follows:

Fifers—Monday and Thursday evening.

Drummers—Tuesday evening.

Drill Meeting—Friday evening.

Holland, March 12, 1891.

CHARLES DOESBURG, Pres.

H. VAN LANDEGEND, Sec'y

Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

## Deaths.

REIMERS.—Died at Chicago, Ill., March 6, 1891, at 6 o'clock, a. m., Philip Reimers, beloved husband of Emma Reimers. Funeral was held Sunday, March 8, from his late residence, 64 Milwaukee ave. (Mr. John J. Johnson and his sister Julia, of Holland, Mich., attended the funeral.)

ROYAL



BAKING  
POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, August, 17 1889.

For Sale!  
At a Bargain!

Two new houses and four Lots  
on West Tenth Street!

Must be sold at once!

One large building lot on 12th street.

One large building lot on 13th street.

Four Lots on Cedar street.

A New house in Van den Berg's addition.

And other good investments.

A. M. KANTERS,

Kanter's Block, Holland, Mich.



## Buckwheat Bran!

at  
75 c per 100 lbs.  
\$ 14 00 " ton.

To owners of stock this is THE opportunity to procure cheap feed. Many experienced feeders regard Buckwheat Bran as equal to Wheat Bran for feeding stock and we sell it at \$7.00 per ton less. Call early before the supply is exhausted.

THE WALSH- DE ROO MILLING CO.  
Holland, Mich.

Wm. Van Der Veere

PROPRIETOR OF

## CITY MEAT MARKET,

Cor. Eighth and Fish Sts.  
HOLLAND, MICH.

Fresh and Salt Meats.

Cash Paid for Poultry.

A full and complete line of Choice Meats constantly on hand.

Orders taken at the Houses when requested and Goods delivered free of charge.

Holland, Mich. Feb. 26, 1891.

1 ly

# TO THE PUBLIC!

We have doubled our stock since we  
are in business. Besides all kinds of

FURNITURE  
Carpets, Wallpaper &c.

We call your attention to our line of  
Chenille Curtains, Lace Curtains, and Hanging Lamps.

Give us a Call!

RINCK & CO.,

(Successors to Wykhuyzen & Rinck.)

Main Street, between Bosman & Steketee's,  
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.

JAS. A. BROUWER,

River Street,

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.

Headquarters for Low Prices, High Quality and  
Great Variety in

Furniture, Bed Room Sets, Parlor Sets, Bed Springs, Feathers,

Mattresses, Lounges, Easy Chairs, Fine Rockers,

Carpets, Rugs, etc., etc.

Wall Paper and Picture Frames a Specialty.

size and price Frames made to order at reasonable

## To Horsemen:

I have purchased from Uihlein Bros., owners of the famous stock farm at Truesdell, Wis.:

A two-year old Stallion by Gogebie 8336, he by Red Wilkes out of Geo. Wilkes. First Dam by Strathmore 408, son of Hamiltonian 10 (Kysdyk's), the sire of 32 with records of 2:17 1/2 to 2:30, and also the sire of 9 dams whose produce have entered the list. Second dam by Clark Chief 80, the sire of Kentucky Prince 2470, the latter being the sire of Guy 2:10 1/4 and 14 others in the list. Third dam by Jo Downing 710, sire of Abe Downing 2:20 1/2, etc., etc., he by Edwin Forest 40.

This Stallion I will keep for breeding purposes, at my place in Zeeland Township.

C. BOONE.

## BARGAINS

AT THE

MILLINERY

OF

Mrs. M. Bertsch

COMMENCING ON

Wednesday, March 4, '91

In order to make room for my Spring Goods, there will be a slaughter sale of

Ladies' Underwear,

Trimmed and Bare Hats and Bonnets,

TRIMMINGS, TIPS AND WINGS,

Ribbons and Laces,

Silks and Satins!

It must be sold!

5-ly



## Musical and Literary Entertainment.

On the evening of Friday, March 20, the public will be entertained at Lyceum Opera House by a musical and literary program, given by Madame Lovejoy, the only lady director in Michigan. The entertainment is under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association of this city. Madame Lovejoy's Banjo and Mandolin Orchestra consists of ten artists, of acknowledged merit, and she will be assisted by Wm. Peak, the harp soloist. The following is the program arranged for the evening:

a. Lucky Strike Galop. Banjo Orchestra.  
b. Merry War March. Banjo Orchestra.  
c. "Baited and I am Ours." Banjo Orchestra.  
d. "The Wayward." Banjo Orchestra.  
e. "The Wayward." Banjo Orchestra.  
f. "The Wayward." Banjo Orchestra.  
g. "The Wayward." Banjo Orchestra.  
h. "The Wayward." Banjo Orchestra.  
i. "The Wayward." Banjo Orchestra.  
j. "The Wayward." Banjo Orchestra.

The artists are as follows:  
Concert Banjo, Mrs. Lovejoy; First Banjo, Miss Lott; Second Banjo, Miss Lott; Third Banjo, Miss Lott; Fourth Banjo, Miss Lott; Fifth Banjo, Miss Lott; Sixth Banjo, Miss Lott; Seventh Banjo, Miss Lott; Eighth Banjo, Miss Lott; Ninth Banjo, Miss Lott; Tenth Banjo, Miss Lott.

## Of Interest To Writers.

A LABOR SAVING INVENTION INDISPENSABLE TO ALL WHO WRITE.

Of the many valuable improvements which have been made in self feeding pens a great part are due to the skill and persistence of Mr. L. E. Dunlap, of Boston, who, as a pioneer in this business, has spent the last decade in perfecting the fountain pen that bears his name. The latest perfected invention is the Dunlap Double-feed Pen, and in this very double-feed lies the secret of its success.

It carries a sixteen-karat diamond-pointed gold pen, and is a perfect pocket-companion that will not only prove indispensable, but a joy and blessing as long as life lasts. It is guaranteed to write instantly, always and under all circumstances. To introduce it among the readers of this paper, the manufacturers offer for a short time only, to send it by return mail at one-half the regular price.

By posting a letter, enclosing a two-cent stamp, to the Dunlap Pen Company, 280 Washington street, Boston, Mass., you will receive a beautifully engraved ticket worth \$2, and also an illustrated price-list and circular, telling you how to make \$5 per day. 7-1

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions; and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at P. W. Kane's Drug Store.

## LIFE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

No literary announcement of the year is of greater interest to the general public than that of a comprehensive Life of General Sherman, which is about to be published and sold through agents by the noted house of Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia. Admirable biographies of Grant and Sheridan, complete to the time of their death, are already familiar to the public, but a life of the third great commander, to finish the series, has been lacking. The various biographies of Sherman have necessarily been incomplete; and even his own memoirs, written in 1875, said almost nothing of his intensely interesting early life, and not a word, of course, of the more than twenty years of social activity and fraternity with old comrades since the war.

The work which is now to be issued will splendidly supply the widely felt demand for a history of the great strategical commander. It is being written by Gen. O. O. Howard, a man of fine literary attainment, who knew Sherman better than any other of his comrades now living, and ranked next but one to him in the army, and by Willis Fletcher Johnson, whose ability as a historian is familiar to the reading public of America through his former unusually popular works, which have had millions of readers; and the sales of their vast editions have enriched an army of book agents. That this history of Sherman, the last of the great Generals, will surpass all others in popularity is not to be doubted.

The story of this great General's career is of a marvellous march from the mountains of time to the sea of eternity. Of the three great war heroes, Sherman was by far the most interesting personality. He was best known to the public and the best loved for his genial disposition and warm sympathy with the popular heart. He joined his illustrious comrades in the eternal bliss of the dead. His is a life to study—to emulate—and is a profound inspiration. The forthcoming volume will tell the whole story of his marvellous career, and from the authorship engaged upon it, we are sure it will be told in a way that will enthrall the attention and interest of every reader from first to last. It is a book every American will want and one every American youth should read. It will doubtless be the best life of the great chieftain published, and we predict for it wonderful popularity.

## BLACK GETS A BLACK EYE.

A New York Judge Renders a Decision in favor of the R. S. Peale Reprint of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

[New York Special]—Judge Wallace, in the United States Circuit Court rendered a decision today refusing to grant an injunction against the firm of Ehrlich Bros., to restrain them from selling the "Encyclopædia Britannica," published by R. S. Peale & Co. of Chicago. The complainants are the firm of Black & Co., publishers of the original work at Edinburgh, Scotland. In his decision Judge Wallace holds that rival publishers in this country have a legal right to use the contents of the original edition, except such portions of them as are covered by copyrights, secured by American authors. The defendant's work, he finds, has substituted new articles for these copyrighted ones.

This decision is a square set back to the book trust, and directly in the interest of education and general intelligence. As an educational factor in every household, no work in all literature is so important and desirable as this KING OF ENCYCLOPEDIAS, of which it has been said that "If all other books should be destroyed, the Bible excepted, the world would have lost very little of its information." Until recently its high cost has been a bar to its popular use, the price being \$5.00 per volume, \$125.00 for the set in the cheapest binding. But last year the publishing firm of R. S. Peale & Co. of Chicago issued a new reprint of this great work at the marvelous price of \$1.50 per volume. That the public were quick to appreciate so great a bargain is shown by the fact that over half a million volumes of this reprint were sold in less than six months. It is the attempt of the proprietors of the high priced edition to stop the sale of this desirable low priced edition, which Judge Wallace has effectually squelched by his decision. We learn that R. S. Peale & Co. have perfected their edition, correcting such minor defects as are inevitable in the first issue of so large a work, and not only do they continue to furnish it at the marvelously low price quoted above, but they offer to deliver the complete set at once, on small easy payments to suit the convenience of customers. It is a thoroughly satisfactory edition, printed on good paper, strongly and handsomely bound and has new maps, later and better than any other edition. We advise all who want this greatest and best of all Encyclopedias to get particulars from the publishers, R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago.

To strengthen the hair, thicken the growth, stop its blanching and falling out, and where it is gray to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

## Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years, standing Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by P. W. Kane's Drug Store.

## The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shroot, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My Lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 25 lbs. in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at P. W. Kane's Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c and \$1.00.

## Chicago and West Mich. Railway Fruit Belt Line.

Time Table in Effect Jan. 4, 1891.

Trains Arrive and Depart from Holland as below:

DEPART—CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.			
For Chicago	a.m.	9 55	1 40
For Grand Rapids	a.m.	9 55	3 00
For Muskegon and Grand Haven	a.m.	9 55	3 00
For Hart, Pen water	a.m.	9 55	3 00
For Big Rapids	a.m.	9 55	3 00
For Allegan	a.m.	9 55	3 00

ARRIVE.			
From Chicago	a.m.	9 55	1 40
From Grand Rapids	a.m.	9 55	3 00
From Muskegon and Grand Haven	a.m.	9 55	3 00
From Hart Pentwater	a.m.	9 55	3 00
From Big Rapids	a.m.	9 55	3 00
From Allegan	a.m.	9 55	3 00

\* Daily. Other trains daily except Sunday.  
Palace Sleeping Cars to and from Chicago on night trains.  
Tickets to all points in the United States and Canada.  
GEO. DE HAVEN, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Ag't  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Stands at the head of all blood medicines. This position it has secured by its intrinsic merit, sustained by the opinion of leading physicians, and by the certificates of thousands who have successfully tested its remedial worth. No other medicine so effectually

## CURES

Scrofula, boils, pimples, rheumatism, catarrh, and all other blood diseases.

"There can be no question as to the superiority of Ayer's Sarsaparilla over all other blood-purifiers. If this was not the case, the demand for it, instead of increasing yearly, would have ceased long ago, like so many other blood-medicines I could name."—F. L. Nickerson, Druggist, 75 Chelsea st., Charlestown, Mass.

"Two years ago I was troubled with salt-rheum. It was all over my body, and nothing the doctors did for me was of any avail. At last I took four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was completely cured. I can sincerely recommend it as a splendid blood-purifier."—J. S. Burt, Upper Keswick, New Brunswick.

"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of Scrofula. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. O. Jenkins, Dewese, Neb.

"When a boy I was troubled with a blood disease which manifested itself in sores on the legs. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I took a number of bottles, and was cured. I have never since that time had a recurrence of the complaint."—J. C. Thompson, Lowell, Mass.

"I was cured of Scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—John C. Perry, Deerfield, Mo.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Cures others, will cure you

## PUBLIC AUCTION!

A Public Sale will be held at the residence of

GERRIT TIEN,

being the place owned by G. W. Mokma, just East of

Graafschap Village.

Thursday, March 19th at 10 o'clock A.M.

The following will be offered for sale: 1 three-year-old horse, 1 colt, one year old, 1 wide-tire lumber wagon, 1 two-seated buggy, 1 new top-buggy, 1 bob-sleigh, 1 small bob-sleigh, 1 cutter, Champion mower, horse-rake, patent hay-rack, plow, spring-tooth harrow, square harrow, spring-tooth cultivator, 1 five-tooth cultivator, 1 shovel plow, 1 three-tooth cultivator, grindstone, stone boat, chains, fence-posts, post-auger, cutting-box, hay-knife, corn-sheller, dutch spade, garden- and other small tools too numerous to mention; also furniture, stoves, bedsteads, tables, large cupboard etc.

TERMS:—Eight months credit will be given.

THE FARM consisting of 39 acres, with good house and barn, well provided with water, will also be offered for sale, at a reasonable price, and on very reasonable terms. For further information address

G. W. Mokma,  
First State Bank, Holland, Mich.

H. LUGERS,  
Auctioneer.

## Have you seen the ADVERTISING ELECTRIC LIGHT?

by

at the

## Chicago Clothing Store of L. HENDERSON.

Ready-made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Furnishing Goods.

Latest Styles for Spring and Summer.

## We Claim,

That since we have opened the new Annex to our store, we can display to the public a selection of

STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS

unsurpassed on the east shore.

## Black Silks & Velvets.

Ladies, Gents & Children

UNDERWEAR,

Dress Goods and Linens.

Ladies and Gents Handkerchiefs.

Shawls, Skirts, Yarns, Table Spreads, Buckles, Hosiery.

CELEBRATED

Duchers' Overalls

and Jackets.

GOLD-HEADED

Sateen Umbrellas,

only \$1.25.

Groceries,

Flour and Feed,

CLOSING OUT

Hats and Caps,

BELOW COST.

G. VAN PUTTEN & SONS,

Holland, Mich., Sept. 18th, 1890.

GO TO

Kiekintveld.

We are as always to the front with an elegant line of

ALBUMS, TOILET CASES, CUFF & COLLAR BOXES, SHAVING SETS, AND WORK BOXES is

complete, in every detail.

We carry a line of books this year surpassing any yet brought to the city, among which we mention:

Gift Books, Poems, Reading matter, Chatter Boxes, Toy Books, etc. A fine assortment of Toys, Blocks, and Games will also be found at our place of business.

Call and examine our goods and prices. We promise you satisfaction.

H. KIEKINTVELD, Manager.

Holland, Mich., Dec. 12, 1890.

## A FULL LINE OF

## FARM

## Implements

—AT—

## J. Flieman & Son's,

River Street, Holland, Mich.

Agents for the Whitely Solid Steel Binder, the great open end Harvester Binder for successfully cutting all lengths and kinds of grain. Also for Whitely's Solid Steel Mower, This Machine is entirely different from and Superior to any other Mowing Machine ever produced.

Plows,

Wagons,

Cultivators,

Seeders,

Hay Rakes,

Buggies,

Carts,

Harrows,

Land Rollers,

Feed Cutters,

Corn Shellers.

I have just received a new lot of

Heath & Milligan's

PAINTS

A great variety of all colors.

The best paints on the market.

White Leads, also Oils, Varnish and Brushes. If you need any of the above mentioned articles give me a call, and convince yourselves of the fact before going elsewhere.

I have also for sale the

Dangler Oil Stove.

J. B. VAN OORT.

1-ly.

## AT REDUCED PRICE.

## JONKMAN & DYKEMA,

Eighth Street, Holland, Michigan.

From and after this date we will sell

## OVERCOATS

at a Reduction in price of

Twenty-five per cent.

We have on hand a fineline

and will dispose of the entire lot at the above discount, for

CASH ONLY.

AT

## E. VanderVeen

PIONEER

HARDWARE,

Cor. River and Eighth Sts.

Closing out!

at reduced prices!

A complete line of

Coal and Wood

Heating Stoves!

Also a few

Second-hand Coal Stoves

AT COST.

Call early while stock is complete.

Holland, Mich., Jan. 2, 1891. 13-ly

No more of this!

Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, generally slip off the feet.

THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."

At Retail By,

Simon Sprietsma,

DEALER IN

Fine Shoes,

HOLLAND, MICH.

J. G. HUIZINGA,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

HOLLAND, MICH.

OFFICE—COR. RIVER & EIGHTH STS.

23-ly

PUBLIC AUCTION!

On Wednesday, March 18th, 1891,

beginning at 10 o'clock A. M.

I will sell at public auction the following personal property:

One 5 year old mare, 5 colts, 4 heifers and

stiers, 2 fat hogs, 20 ton good timothy hay, a

buggy as good as new, 1 cutter, 1 binder, one

mower, 1 horse rake, 1 broad cast sander, one

plow, 2 cultivators, and other farming im-

plements; also a lot of straw and such

articles as may be offered.

The above sale will be held at the farm of

my mother, Mrs. H. VAN RAALTE, one

mile east of the city, near the cemetery.

Terms:—Cash down for all sums less than

five dollars; on all sums over five dollars

credit will be given until October 1st, with 5

per cent. discount for cash.

A. C. VAN RAALTE,

Proprietor.

GEO. H. SOUTER, Auctioneer.

Holland, Mich., February 27th, 1891. 3w

## Boots & Shoes

and

RUBBER GOODS

for

FALL AND WINTER

I keep constantly on hand the elegant

Moore and Shafer Ladies' Shoes,

which are not equalled in the market.

BARGAINS;

J. D. Helder.

Holland, Mich., Dec. 10th, 1890. 45-ly

## Abstracts of Titles!

Having purchased of JACOB BAAR

"The Old Reliable"

and

Only Set of Abstract Books

of Ottawa County. I am now prepared to

furnish Abstracts to all

Lands and Platted Tracts.

In the County on short notice.

MONEY SAVED

by obtaining Abstracts before loaning money

on purchasing Real Estate.



## THE WINTER FIRE.

Adown the valley, through the fields,  
The twilight forces rise,  
Day sullenly and slowly yields;  
Not so the sunset skies.  
A fan-like glow lights up the west,  
And twilight mists of gray  
In robes of red and gold are drest  
Before this dying day.  
Beneath the old Dutch tiles the fire  
Glow like the setting sun;  
The flames, frail toys of my desire,  
Before me leap and run.  
The shadows that in corners fall  
Fade in the ruddy light.  
A ray steals through the darkened hall  
And banishes the night.

The thought of summer days have fled,  
And in the embers' gleam  
The hopes and joys I counted dead  
Awake us from a dream.  
Yet they to me are weird and strange  
Like ghosts of days long past;  
The year has brought a wondrous change,  
The dream I hold will last,  
A dream of youth that will endure  
As days pass into years;  
To hold a purpose high and pure,  
To banish cares and fears;  
Though dreams of old shall rise once more,  
They are not now so plain.  
For life is true; there lies before  
A higher goal to gain.  
— [Flavel S. Mines in Harper's Bazar.

## THE MANGOLDS.

BY CHARLES M. HARGER.

"There's nothing against the Mangolds as I know of," the jolly storekeeper at the Rock Prairie settlement remarked, "but it's plain they don't amount to much."

"That's so," spoke up one of the settlers who were warming themselves by the fire at the stove on a early February evening. "They make the two little fellows do all the work. I've never seen the father anywhere."

"Neither have I," said the storekeeper. "They come here in September: the first we see of 'em was noticing the white-topped camper's wagon standing on the section of Government land near the cabin that the Blaggs boys left when they found the land wasn't first-class. The two boys have been here for a few things and always paid for what little they got; but they wouldn't talk much. I guess they're pretty hard up, and I've thought I'd go over and see 'em, but I never got to it."

The other men agreed with this history of the family, and remarked that they, too, had thought of going to see the family, but they had never carried out their purpose.

One had passed the cabin about a month before; he had seen a woman through the window, but nothing more was known of them. They were evidently the one family of delinquents in a prosperous community of settlers.

"Nice, open winter," remarked Squire Gillett, as they arose to go.

"Yes," said the storekeeper. "Plows'll be going next week, though the nights are kind of chilly yet."

"If the Mangolds expect to hold government land, they must get some plowing done right off."

"Correct. Too bad the old man puts it all on those two boys."

Buttoning up their heavy coats, the settlers mounted their ponies, and rode homeward together.

"There's the two boys now," remarked Squire Gillett, when they had ridden two miles or more across the brown prairie. Looking off to the west, they saw two small boys mounted on large, rawboned work-horses, their outlines distinct against the sunset sky.

The two boys were jogging along slowly and in silence. Their slender forms seemed oddly in contrast with the size of the horses they were riding. They shivered in the raw evening air. Heavy clouds were coming up in great black masses from the northeast.

"We must hurry, Joe," said one of the boys, "or we'll get wet."

"I suppose so, for our coats aren't quite waterproof," said the other.

"Say, Clive," Joe went on, after a moment's silence, "don't you think it's been a pretty lonesome winter?"

Joe nodded three or four times, rather ruefully.

"I shall be glad enough when spring comes," he continued, "for then papa can get out of doors and see folks."

"He's pretty sick, don't you think?"

"Yes, Joe, but mamma says he's feeling better, and if we're brave, strong boys, he'll get well again."

"But the plowing? Can we do it all?"

"Do it? We've got to do it, and there are only a few days left before the time will be up, and if we don't have it done we shall lose the claim. It's too bad the harness broke this afternoon, but if the storekeeper has some straps, we'll be all right."

The horses had started into a gallop, and the boys bobbed awkwardly in their seats. Over the swells, down the grassy slopes they went, and then, with a still faster pace, whirled down another declivity, and crashed through the dead sunflower stalks and tumbleweeds that covered the bottom of the slough.

They had gone but a few yards here when the horses suddenly stopped, and sent the young riders sliding forward to the animals' shoulders and manes.

The object which had stopped them was a large and dilapidated "prairie schooner," which stood at the side of the trail. The horses that had been attached to it browsed upon the dead weeds.

A camp fire had been started beside the wagon, and near it, his hands holding his head and his elbows on his knees, was a fannel-shirted and unkempt man.

He did not look up until the boys called to him, and then he raised a worn, anxious, hopeless face.

"Anything the matter?" Joe asked.

"Yes, something's the matter. It's the little one." He motioned toward the wagon.

"Sick?" asked Joe.

"Yes, and maybe dying. I've come for days from the West, calculating to take the child home to the old folks in Missouri, but the little coozer couldn't stand the journey."

The boys slipped to the ground, and by the light of the fire, approached the

back part of the wagon. They drew aside the cover, and let the freight into the interior.

A child, hardly more than a baby, was moaning on the bed of straw within. "Can't we help you?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"I don't know. I've tried to find a doctor, but I don't seem to make out. Maybe the folks are afraid of me. Anyhow, they don't seem to want me around, and now I've clean lost my way."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Joe. "We'll take you home. Papa can doctor people."

"But the harness, Joe?" said Clive.

"That's so; I forgot it. Well, I'll tell you: You drive home with the man, and I'll go to the store. I ain't afraid."

In a few minutes the emigrant was on the road toward the Mangold cabin with Clive, while Joe, his courage just a little weakened by the appearance of the still darkening sky, was riding rapidly in the other direction.

"My goodness, who's this!" exclaimed the storekeeper, as he was putting up the blinds of the lonely prairie store for the night. He could hardly believe his eyes when the young rider presented himself.

"And you've come all this way alone?" he said, when he had heard Joe's story.

"Well, my boy, you must be a good one. Look here! I'm going home with you. He put on his overcoat, and wrapped a shawl about the slender boy's shoulders.

"Come," he said, picking up a bundle which Joe thought was certainly too large to contain nothing more than the piece of harness, "let's go."

Together they mounted the horse, and through the falling rain the two rode on mile after mile, the steady swish of the horse's feet through the dead grasses being the only sound to break the stillness of the night.

At last the faint light in the cabin of the Mangolds shone across the plain, and a few moments afterward the storekeeper and the boy had entered the house.

"I tell you what," said the storekeeper the next evening, when a group of settlers had again gathered about his fire, "it wasn't a pleasant sight. There was the baby moaning and suffering, while the little woman was trying to comfort it. Over in the other corner was Mangold himself."

"The old man, eh?" said the Squire.

"He's sick, boys, pretty sick. He's been a kind of doctor in the East, but was ordered here for his health. He hasn't been able to go about any since he came, and his brave little wife and the two boys have looked after everything."

"That's it, eh?"

"Yes. And besides that, out of all of us they were the ones to take care of the camper. The poor fellow was about discouraged, and it was a godsend to him that the boys came across him, for the baby'd surely died right there in the ravine."

"More'n that, boys, I found out that the plowing that has to be done on the claim to hold it from the government ain't near finished. Those children have been trying to do it, and they've got only a few acres plowed. The time expires on the fifteenth of the month,—that's day after to-morrow,—and the claim's likely to be jumped by some outsider."

"I know two fellows who've got their eyes on it," said the Squire. "They've been wanting it for some time, and are going to make a break whenever they can. They're sharp, and I think they've got wind somehow that the railroad's going to strike through that quarter section."

"It'll be tough on the Mangolds to lose their claim," slowly droned out a lank herder, who was occupying the top of a sugar barrel, "but then they don't amount to much in the settlement, and the Hay boys being hustlers—"

He got no farther. The look that the storekeeper gave him quite upset him, and he relapsed into silence.

Then a very important conference was held between the storekeeper and the other settlers; and after it the party separated with smiling faces and a satisfied air.

The rain had cleared the atmosphere, and next morning the sky gleamed in such blue splendor as only prairie skies can know. The air was full of the softness and warmth of an early spring morning in Southern Kansas.

At an early hour there were seen here and there wagons vending their way along the prairie. In each wagon there was a plow or a harrow, and in some of them were heaps of corn and other provisions.

Clive and Joe looked out of the Mangold cabin, and noticed that the horses' heads were all facing them.

"Let's hurry and hitch up," said Joe, and got to plowing. "All the folks are coming by here, and we ought to be at work."

They ran out and began harnessing the horses to the plow, the stranger emigrant looking on dolefully.

"Hold on there, boys! Unhitch those horses!"

It was the storekeeper, with a grin on his face.

"All you have to do to-day," he went on, "is to boss. We'll do the work. Now, say, where do you want your forty acres plowed?"

Joe, bewildered, looked around upon the gathering teams, and pointed to a tract around which the boys had made several straggling furrows.

"All right. Now, fellows, hurry up!" shouted the storekeeper.

There was a great rattling of chains and much laughter, as team after team went with its plow to the corner of the field, presently to send a long chocolate ribbon of sod rolling after as it took its way around the great square piece of prairie.

"Twenty-four of them," said Mrs. Mangold, counting with extended finger, her worn face lighting up with pleasure. The strange visitation, and the pile of provisions brought by the settlers, had almost overwhelmed her.

Following the plows were harrows; and the land rapidly took on the appearance of a field long tilled. The sun was half-way across the sky, when all stopped at a signal from the storekeeper.

"Boys," he said, when the men had gathered around, "now let's eat dinner, and then we'll finish. But while we're finishing how would it be for someone to go to the village and bring out a certificate of entry on the claim? That'll make it all sure. By that time he will be able

to prove that the required plowing is done, you see."

The proposition was received with a shout of approval. "I'll go," said the lank herder, who had been completely converted to the Mangolds' side.

As he had the fastest pony in the neighborhood, he was allowed to take the trip.

Just before the sun reached the horizon, the square of prairie sod had been blotted out.

As the party gathered around the cabin in the twilight, the herder rode up, his horse white with foam. He held a large official envelope in his hand.

"February the Fourteenth," read the storekeeper, aloud, beginning the certificate. "Boys," he said with a laugh, looking up, "this is St. Valentine's Day."

"That's so," said several of the settlers.

"Tell you what let's do," proposed Squire Gillett, "let's give the certificate to the woman for a valentine!"

Gathering together, with the Squire at their head, they knocked at the door of the cabin. Mrs. Mangold opened it, and the pale face of her husband was seen behind her shoulder.

Squire Gillett made a very handsome little speech, and presented her with the certificate as a valentine, accompanying his formal words with some hearty praise of the brave boys.

"And the little fellow," he asked, "how is he?"

"Much better," said Mrs. Mangold. "His father will leave him here and come back in the summer to get him. It will be safer for him to travel then."

Then she faltered a little. "I—I cannot thank you enough, gentlemen, for this—valentine," she said, "but you know how grateful we must feel."

"Tut—tut—tut," called out the storekeeper. "No thanking." We ought to be ashamed of ourselves that we didn't help you before, oughtn't we, boys?"

"Of course, we had," they all said.

"And before we go, let's give three cheers for the little woman."

The cheers went up, heartily.

"Now three for the boys," said the Squire.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"And three for the baby," added the lank herder.

The cheers went up again. As the wagons rattled away in the darkness, there was great happiness in the Mangold cabin. There was happiness among the departing visitors, too; and the start they had given the stranded family enabled its members to become as prosperous and as hearty as the rest of the community.—[Youth's Companion.

## IN DEATH JUST AS IN LIFE.

Bodies of Two Children, 'Long Buried, Wonderfully Preserved.

In Hudson street, just opposite the point where Grove street joins it, stands old St. Luke's Church. It was erected in 1824, when that locality was yet the thriving village of Greenwich. Many of the most prominent people on Manhattan Island, at that time, attended services in it, and were buried in its churchyard. But, lately, many bodies have been removed from there to other cemeteries. In most cases nothing remains but the dust of those who were buried a half century ago. On the other hand women, who by the plates upon their caskets are known to have died fifty years ago, have been disinterred with their hair in a sufficient state of preservation to show how it was worn by them in life. One was discovered who wore her hair in coils and fastened with two tortoise shell pins, much as is the present style, and so far from the bang being a modern fashion one lady, who died two score years ago, was buried with her hair banged over her forehead.

But by far more remarkable: The bodies of two children were recently taken up to be reburied in Greenwood Cemetery. The children belonged to a family prominent in society to-day, and whose name is therefore withheld. The children were buried in what are known as "old Egyptian" caskets, elliptical in form, bulging at the middle and tapering towards the ends, which were rounded. The caskets were hermetically sealed. Beneath the metal disk at the head of the coffin was a glass plate covering the face of the dead. When the metal covering was removed the undertaker, W. H. Hawks, of Sixth avenue, started back in surprise. A little girl lay there as if in a trance. Her yellow hair fell in soft curls over her forehead and lay clustering around her shoulders. She wore a simple white gown with a needlework yoke, such as children often wear now. Her hands were crossed peacefully over her bosom. A little roughness of the skin was discernible, heightening the life-like effect, and her clothing was as fresh and dainty as though it had just been put on. The undertaker looked at the plate. She had died in 1851, when she was ten years old.

The body of her little brother was in a similar but smaller casket. He died in 1856, when he was four years and six months old. He also presented the same wonderfully life-like appearance. His hair was of the same sunny hue and he wore it in a big roll on the top of his head, with small clustering curls framing his pretty face. He had on a little jacket of white, with a broad white sailor collar, and he looked as if he had but just fallen into a doze.—[New York World.

England's Great Guns.

The British warship *Tuunderer* has received the first four specimens of a gun from which great things are expected. The original armament of the *Tuunderer* consisted of two 38-ton and two 35-ton muzzle-loading guns, and it may be remembered that one of these burst, in the course of practice, inside the turret, with fatal results. It was pretty generally believed that the cause of the accident was that the gun had been twice loaded before firing.

The new guns, two of which are mounted on each turret, are of 10-inch caliber and 29 tons weight. The total length is 26 feet 10 inches, the projectile weighs 500 pounds, and the full charge of powder is, as is now usual, just half that weight. At a range of 1,000 yards it is calculated to pierce 21 inches of wrought-iron plate.

\$1,500 for an Egg.

The most valuable egg in the world is that of the extinct great auk, a specimen of which was sold the other day for \$1,500. Of all known eggs the biggest is that of the extinct giant ostrich of Madagascar, supposed to be the original of the mythical roc. Semi-fossil specimens of it were recently used by the natives of that country as vessels for holding or carrying water.

One of them will hold more than two gallons, its bulk being equal to 148 hens' eggs or six ostrich eggs. There is a cast of a giant ostrich egg in the collection here, alongside of another taken from the next biggest egg ever known, which was laid by the giant moa of New Zealand, a bird which weighed 1,000 pounds. The original of the latter was found in digging a well.

—Washington Star.

Among the anecdotes recorded of Lord Beaconsfield in Mr. Froude's biography of the statesman is one pertaining to the death of the Prince Imperial in Africa. "A remarkable people, the Zulus," said he. "They defeat our generals, they convert our bishops, they have settled the fate of a great European dynasty."

The State capital building at Albany is still settling. It has settled over \$20,000,000 out of the pockets of the taxpayers, but there is still more juice to be squeezed out of the lemon.

Words Not to Be Used.

Cute, for acute.  
Party, for person.  
Depot, for station.  
Promise, for assure.  
Posted, for informed.  
Stopping, for staying.  
Like I do, for as I do.  
Feel badly, for feel bad.  
Healthy, for wholesome.  
First-rate, as an adverb.  
Try and do, for try to do.  
These kind, for this kind.  
Cunning, for small, dainty.  
Funny, for odd or unusual.  
Guess, for suppose or think.  
Fix, for arrange or prepare.  
Just as soon, for just as lief.  
Had better, for would better.  
Right away, for immediately.  
Had rather, for would rather.  
Between seven, for among seven.  
Not as good as, for not so good as.  
Some ten days, for about ten days.  
The matter of, for the matter with.  
Not as I know, for not that I know.  
Somebody else's, for somebody's else.  
Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.  
Storms, for it rains or snows moderately.

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The State capital building at Albany is still settling. It has settled over \$20,000,000 out of the pockets of the taxpayers, but there is still more juice to be squeezed out of the lemon.

Words Not to Be Used.

Cute, for acute.  
Party, for person.  
Depot, for station.  
Promise, for assure.  
Posted, for informed.  
Stopping, for staying.  
Like I do, for as I do.  
Feel badly, for feel bad.  
Healthy, for wholesome.  
First-rate, as an adverb.  
Try and do, for try to do.  
These kind, for this kind.  
Cunning, for small, dainty.  
Funny, for odd or unusual.  
Guess, for suppose or think.  
Fix, for arrange or prepare.  
Just as soon, for just as lief.  
Had better, for would better.  
Right away, for immediately.  
Had rather, for would rather.  
Between seven, for among seven.  
Not as good as, for not so good as.  
Some ten days, for about ten days.  
The matter of, for the matter with.  
Not as I know, for not that I know.  
Somebody else's, for somebody's else.  
Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.  
Storms, for it rains or snows moderately.

England's Great Guns.

The British warship *Tuunderer* has received the first four specimens of a gun from which great things are expected. The original armament of the *Tuunderer* consisted of two 38-ton and two 35-ton muzzle-loading guns, and it may be remembered that one of these burst, in the course of practice, inside the turret, with fatal results. It was pretty generally believed that the cause of the accident was that the gun had been twice loaded before firing.

The new guns, two of which are mounted on each turret, are of 10-inch caliber and 29 tons weight. The total length is 26 feet 10 inches, the projectile weighs 500 pounds, and the full charge of powder is, as is now usual, just half that weight. At a range of 1,000 yards it is calculated to pierce 21 inches of wrought-iron plate.

\$1,500 for an Egg.

The most valuable egg in the world is that of the extinct great auk, a specimen of which was sold the other day for \$1,500. Of all known eggs the biggest is that of the extinct giant ostrich of Madagascar, supposed to be the original of the mythical roc. Semi-fossil specimens of it were recently used by the natives of that country as vessels for holding or carrying water.

One of them will hold more than two gallons, its bulk being equal to 148 hens' eggs or six ostrich eggs. There is a cast of a giant ostrich egg in the collection here, alongside of another taken from the next biggest egg ever known, which was laid by the giant moa of New Zealand, a bird which weighed 1,000 pounds. The original of the latter was found in digging a well.

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